MAY, 1957

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- LET'S FLOG THE OLD FOLKS
- THE ECONOMY ... HOW SOLVENT? (Page 50)
- FOREMANSHIP: NEW JOB?
- SOME WOMEN ARE ROUGH BOSSES



MANAGE is pleased to announce that Louis Ruthenburg-officially credited with founding the NMA movement-will become a contributing editor with the first of a series of his columns beginning on this page. Now board chairman of Servel, Inc., Ruthenburg recognized the need for supervisory development training as early as 1912, when he was a young engineer in Dayton, Ohio. He was instrumental in setting up the first foremen's classes, from which the NMA evolved. His knowledge of management and the supervisor's role in it is one of the great reservoirs of management information in American industry today. Subsequent editions of his column will appear in the center section of MANAGE.

LABOR UNIONS AND THE LAW

Current news reflects conditions that were anticipated by Supreme Court Justice Brandeis almost a half century ago.

The following paragraphs are quoted from his book, "Business—a Profession," published in 1914:

This practical immunity of unions from legal liability is deemed by many labor leaders a great advantage. To me it appears to be just the reverse. It tends to make officers and members reckless and lawless, and thereby to alienate public sympathy and bring failure upon their efforts. It creates on the part of employers also a bitter antagonism, not so much on account of lawless acts as from a deeprooted sense of injustice, arising from the feeling that while the employer is subject to law, the union holds a position of legal irresponsibility . . .

The unions should take the position squarely that they are amenable to law, prepared to take the consequences if they transgress, and thus show that they are in full sympathy with the spirit of our people, whose political system rests upon the proposition that this is a government of law, and not of men.

More than twenty-two hundred years ago Aristotle observed that, "The only stable state is that where everyone possesses an equality in the eye of the law." • [

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MANAGE



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IN THIS ISSUE

MAY, 1957

Vol. 9, No. 8

Louis Ruthenburg, credited with founding the NMA movement, begins the first of a series of columns with this issue of

MANAGE . . . Washington Report tells of an association of supervisors who work directly for the government . . . John E. Wilson presents a case for the foreman's job as a new one in industry . . . Humorist Dick Ashbaugh, author of the book, "Who Cooked Mother Goose?" braces himself for the vacation season . . . "Some Women are Rough Bosses," relates the trials and tribulations of one who was dogged by female bosses . . . R. L. Maxwell (Maj. Gen., U. S. Army, Ret.) discusses leadership—not necessarily the kind that "wins friends and influences people" . . . and Columnist B. M. Atkinson flogs the old folks. . . .

MANAGE is published monthly on the 25th by THE NATIONAL MANAGEMENT ASSOCIATION (formerly The National Association of Foremen) as its only official publication. Entered as second-class matter September 9, 1952, at the post office in Dayton, Ohio, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Printed in the U. S. A. Publication office 230 West Fifth Street, Dayton 2, Ohio. All address changes and publications returned under postal regulation 3579 should be sent to editorial offices in Dayton. Editorial and executive offices: 321 West First Street, Dayton 2, Ohio. Copyright 1957 by The National Management Association. Subscription rates: annual U. S., \$3.00; foreign, \$5.00; single copy, 30 cents. Bulk subscription rates upon request.

CIRCULATION THIS ISSUE: OVER 76,000, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

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THANKS MAINLY to the development of the American industrial foreman, today there is more opportunity for foremen in management than ever before. Jobs at the top are open to foremen who can make the grade.

But management is a demanding game. It requires the best of a man-

or woman.

The rewards are great.

But so are the sacrifices: personal sacrifices, which mean the giving up of things which make life more pleasant and more worthwhile.

It used to be hard for a supervisor to climb the success ladder to the top executivedom. Often a lucky break was required to cross from supervision into management.

Today, supervisors are management.

No longer are foremen—or supervisors—in a class by themselves—isolated from management.

Being specialists in quality control or time study, foremen specialize in supervision of men and materials for efficient production.

But this does not make them less members of management.

Because, in order to manage, they need the cooperation of their management teammates—and their teammates depend on their cooperation too.

Today it is the "team" man who gets ahead faster.

The go-it-aloner is the square peg in the round hole.

Even the highly-specialized engineer, once completely alone on his job, is seeing the opportunity that is his in combining administrative know-how with his technical knowledge.

Industry ever is adjusting to meet new responsibilities, and within it are management men who are keeping abreast of the times by keeping themselves up to date.

Nearly every specialist in industry is continually having to re-adjust to keep his place on his team.

The market is bidding high for the man who is a specialist second and a team man first.

Being a specialist is no good in industry today unless you can fit yourself and your knowledge to meet the challenges of your team. that A of n

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Eulogies generally are good things because from them grow traditions and heritages which make life in a social order meaningful.

Recalling "The Good Old Days," when the days were not so good, actually, is all right, particularly in America where we are a sentimental, reflective people.

But crying out against progress is another matter.

Some diehards are still muttering that mass production has done much to wear away the professional status of the foreman . . . or, more appropriately, that professional status for which the foreman was striving.

Actually, the foreman of today has gained much by becoming a member of management.

He has more wide-open opportunity, and he is a member of a managing team . . . not alone as a foreman in the shop who might go to a meeting —of foremen only. He can expect vertical achievement, not just horizontal development.

As a member of management, the foreman today is receiving more recognition for being industry's key man of production than he was able to achieve in thirty years of drum-beating that "foremanship is a profession."

And as a member of management, the foreman has fewer frustrations over a lack of communication from the policy-makers at the top. He is dealt in on planning and negotiations more and more often.

But the passing of the flint-lock rifle and the log cabin, and the ancient automobiles, were tearfully eulogized too . . . but principally by those who were anxious that others would be as apathetic as they—for personal reasons—with the flint-lock, the log cabin, or the ancient auto.

With the foreman solidly in management, his worth is held in esteem . . . because the very future of our automation era industry depends on the first-level manager's competence in supervising the men who run the machinery.

It is to the credit of the foreman that for the most part it is not the foreman who laments the graduation of the foreman into management from "foremanship," but it is a very few others—mostly above—who continue to wish for The Good Old Days. . . .

... When the foreman was management only when management needed his support, but a foreman on a treadmill striving for foremanship as a profession when it came to sharing management privileges.

That industry has paid little heed to such feigning is a credit to the sense of fair play characterizing American management.

But even more to the foreman who has earned for himself the privilege of being a member of management.

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Washington Report . . .

.... for supervisors

by Stewart French

Supervisors on the defense production front line—those who get out the work in Uncle Sam's far-flung Defense department industrial plants—have their special problems, and their organization is trying to do something about it. The National Association of Supervisors, Department of Defense, is the organization.

It is composed of some 12,000 members, and represents—in the National Capitol, where the Department of Defense, headed by Secretary Charles E. Wilson, former president of General Motors, has its home offices—some 56 local supervisors' associations.

The NAS membership covers half the globe, all the way from the supervisors' association of the combined naval base on the island of Guam—our outermost defense bastion far in the Pacific on the edge of the Asiatic continent—to those of Air Force installations in Massachusetts and Florida. The facilities range all the way from naval gun factories to ammunition depots to aircraft ordnance. In them, the Defense department employs some 650,000 "blue collar" workers—a terrific labor force in any man's language. Not all of its supervisors are members of NAS, but NAS is recognized in the Pentagon as an over-all spokesman for its frontline management men.

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With the difference in time and even in date between, say, Boston and Guam, it's literally true that: "the sun never sets on NAS activities, and responsibilities."

PUBLIC-WORKER SUPERVISOR PROBLEMS DIFFERENT

The special problems faced by Navy department plant supervisors arise in part from the fact that they are the heirs of archaic job traditions— The National Executive Secretary of NAS, Melvin C. Weisbrod, has the title of "Chief Quarterman" at the Naval Gun Factory here, a title and job concept borrowed from the old British Navy. More important, they are federal civil service workers, and must fit into rigid civil service organizational patterns.

This means that often a supervisor's superior in the management hierarchy may have only a relatively remote knowledge of the supervisor's job. Hence he's rarely qualified to judge the supervisor's work, and his qualifications for promotion. Yet he must give a supervisor one of the three standard civil service ratings: outstanding, satisfactory, or unsatisfactory.

All too often the ratings a supervisor receives depend not on his ability to manage and coordinate a job and get the work out, but on his ability to write a letter or report in correct language and style.

Most often, the ability to write well has little to do with a supervisor's real worth in getting a job done—in a naval ordnance plant, for example.

Once a rating is given, it is entered on a government form, and then the record is evaluated by another civil service employee who may have even less knowledge of what the supervisor actually does and how well he does it. But the supervisor's chances of promotion—and indeed his job security—depend on just such juggling of symbols at remote control.

The answer, according to the NAS, in their particular case is a true seniority system within

the pervue of the Veterans' Preference Act. At their annual convention earlier this year, the members passed a resolution urging that such a system be adopted by the U. S. Civil Service Commission. After all, the Army, Navy, Air Force and Marine Corps all run on a seniority basis, as does Congress. Happily, things are different in private industry.

CONGRESS MAY CALL THE OUTS

The "merrie" month of May is when baseball hits its stride. So, of at least seasonal interest, are bills now pending in Congress that would declare baseball subject to the monopoly and anti-trust laws. The proposed legislation would in effect overturn a famed Supreme Court decision, dating from 1922, holding baseball exempt from the Sherman and Clayton acts as a purely local activity and not interstate in character. Only a few years back, the Court in a split decision upheld this 30-year-old ruling because "vast efforts had gone into the development and organization of baseball . . . and enormous capital invested" in reliance upon the permanence of the 1922 ruling.

However, in 1955 our highest judicial tribunal held that prize-fighting was not exempt from the anti-trust laws, and again this year that pro-football likewise came under them. This was the famous Radovich case, in which the Supreme Court found as a fact that the playing of a game was "essential to the interstate transmission by broadcasting and television" which accounts for a significant share of the profits from pro-football. Hence, a profootball game constitutes interstate commerce.

However, both the fight and football cases are like the one in which the Supreme Court held that the purchase (by the AFL-CIO in Michigan) of radio and television time for political candidates came within the Corrupt Practices Act. In none of the cases did the Supreme Court hold the defendants to be guilty of anything. It merely sent them back to the trial courts for trial under the laws they were accused of violating.

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The baseball bills pending in Congress also would not make the Big League baseball clubs guilty of violating the anti-trust laws. It would merely say they were subject to such laws, and any case brought under them would be tried on the facts and merits. Interestingly, one of the bills is sponsored by Rep. Celler of Brooklyn, home of the Dodgers, and another by Rep. Pat Hillings of Greater Los Angeles, which wants to bring the Dodgers from Brooklyn to Los Angeles.

LABOR RACKETEERING BY MANAGEMENT

As of this writing, the special Senate committee to study "improper practices" on the part of both labor and management has been concentrated on union activities or, more accurately, the non-union activity of certain labor leaders. However, there is reason to expect that management practices also will come up for scrutiny. Meanwhile, enforcement of the anti-racketeering statute already on the books continues.

The Second Circuit Court of Appeals has affirmed the conviction of the manager of a shipping firm for conspiring with a union official to extort \$10,000 from an employers' organization as a personal payment to the union leader for calling off a strike.

The manager based his defense on the ground that he was himself the victim of the strike, and that his action in acting as a go-between in the shakedown was for the sole purpose of getting the strike called off so his firm could operate.

The court ruled, however, that the manager was equally guilty, and that any difference between the motives of the union racketeer and the manager was without significance.

A SUPERVISOR MUST HAVE AUTHORITY

Another court decision of direct impact on supervisors is receiving careful study in Congress—in connection with pending legislation to amend the Taft-Hartley law discussed in this column last

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month. That is a ruling by the Ninth Circuit Court of Appeals that plant clerks in a meat-packing plant were not supervisors under the terms of the Taft-Hartley Act, even though they did instruct production employees where to place and when to move certain products. Also, in the absence of the foremen, they assumed responsibility in the departments for short intervals.

In upholding a National Labor Relations Board ruling that such employees did not come under the Taft-Hartley Act exemption of supervisors, the court decided:

"However, the plant clerks have no power to hire, discharge, assign or rate employees, or even make to the foremen effective recommendations concerning employees. And although the clerks may compile data for use by their respective foremen in the handling of employee grievances when so instructed by the foremen, the grievances are resolved by the foreman and the aggrieved employee without the presence of the plant clerk."

The meat packing company had contended that the clerks came under the provision: "or responsibly to direct them" (other employees)—in the definition of supervisor in the law. The court traced the history of the provision as follows:

"Senator Flanders authored the amendment which added to the definition of the term 'supervisor' the phrase 'or responsibly to direct them.' Speaking generally of the persons Section 2(11) was intended to cover, he said: 'Such men are above the grade of "straw bosses, lead men, and other minor supervisory employees," as enumerated in the report. Their essential managerial duties are best defined by the words "direct responsibly," which I am suggesting.'"

From the court ruling, it appears that authority to hire and fire, and deal with grievances, is an essential element of foremanship and that merely giving directions to other employees is not enough. IN FORLA

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MANAGE in Sweden

Further proof of MANAGE making the rounds in foreign countries is to be found in a communication received by the NMA headquarters staff in Dayton:

NFORMATION

FORETAGSEKONOMI OCH NATIONALEKONOMI FORLAGS AB INFORMATION, SKARLINGEBACKEN 10, STOCKHOLM-BANDHAGEN

Telefon 47 68 81, 47 68 82

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MANAGE Magazine 321 West First Street DAYTON 2 Ohio USA

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Skebokvarnsvägen 182, Stockholm-Bandhagen 2

Högaktningsfullt

FORLAGS AB INFORMATION

Osfan Vijllimme

The staff finally figured out that the letter requested a change of address for a MANAGE subscriber-in Sweden.

NEW JOB

by John E. Wilson

"It is my
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that these
attempts
to . . . develop
foremen
will continue
to be wasted
until it is
clearly recognized
that the foreman's
job is . . .
a new job

in industry"

DURING the past 15 years, there has been a great deal written concerning human relations, training, communications, leadership, psychological principles, etc., as these ideas and findings apply to the foreman.

Many, many training hours, and more dollars, have been spent to improve the foreman's ability to keep his men on the job and increase their productivity.

It has been my experience, and that of some of the personnel people with whom I have shared opinions, that much of this time and effort is wasted.

It is my belief that these attempts to indoctrinate or develop foremen will continue to be wasted until it is clearly recognized that the foreman's job is for all practical purposes a new job in industry.

Probably the only continuing as-

The author, John E. Wilson, is personnel director, Williams & Co., Inc., general offices, Pittsburgh, Pa. of the

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pect over the years is the purpose of the job; that is, keeping the men on the job and getting the work out.

Therefore, it is suggested that every foreman training program should begin with discussion aimed at achieving an understanding—and, more important, an acceptance of—this fact of change by the foremen participants.

For only then will they be ready to accept and try many of the ideas or techniques that are presented.

Why is the foreman's job different than it was 30, 20, even 10 years ago? Obviously there are several reasons. First and most important is the significant change in political and economic power which has occurred in favor of labor.

Most of us are familiar with the "bull-of-the-woods" concept of the foreman. Truly a boss in the old sense of the word, he hired his men, and more important, fired them pretty much when and how he pleased. If he thought a man should increase his production, the man did so, or he was not there long enough for an industrial engineer to time-study the job, let alone discuss it with the shop steward.

In short, the average working man was dependent upon the goodwill of his foreman for his job, income, and his family's welfare. He did what he was told, usually without question. More important, he accepted this authoritarian relationship as natural.

When we consider how difficult it is to discharge a permanent union employee today, we realize what a long way we have come. The point of course is that through the establishment of strong unions, prolabor legislation and, probably most significant, a vital change in the attitudes and thinking of the general public, this tremendous shift in power from management to labor has occurred.

I am not decrying this shift, but simply pointing it out as a fact that is basic to understanding the foreman's job today. The "bull-of-thewoods" had the power to strongly affect what his men

did on the job. To the extent that he has lost this power, he must somehow replace it if he is to have an efficient, well-motivated work group.

The second major change in the foreman's job stems from the changes that have occurred in the size, organization, and operating methods of companies. Today's foreman has released some of his job functions to the industrial engineer, the production control department, quality control, personnel, industrial relations, etc.

But this has not made the job simpler, for he must coordinate his work with all these departments as well as learn and follow all the special procedures, contract pro-

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visions, regulations, etc. He is faced with ever increasing possibilities for misunderstanding, confusion, and problems.

A third important change is the result of what has happened to the individual worker. Today he is better educated. As our work force increases in mobility, he tends to have "been around more". He is often a veteran with training and/or responsibility in military service. The point here is that the better educated, more sophisticated individual needs and expects a different kind of treatment than his father or older brother expected.

The change in the attitudes of the general public mentioned above certainly apply to the individual worker. He comes to the job with a feeling that he has certain rights and privileges. Where once he may have felt gratitude for the job and often a real fear of losing it, today he sometimes feels it is his due and there is another job down the road if this one isn't satisfactory.

He has learned in school that he has a right to question authority. Apparently, he frequently exercises this right.

Finally, and most obvious, technological advances have radically changed the nature of work. Today there are approximately twice as many semi-skilled workers as there were 30 years ago. There are fewer than half as many unskilled workers.

There are two implications for the foreman's job from this change in the complexity of work. First, he needs greater technical competence. He has to know more, and what he must learn is more complicated. Second, there are the obvious differences in what a man does when he is pushing a labor gang and when he is supervising skilled and semi-skilled operations. In the latter case there is scheduling, training, reviewing work, and a heavy increase in paper work, as well as the endless time spent in discussion with supervisors, staff people, and labor representatives.

Why is it so necessary for foremen today to understand and accept these changes? Perhaps the best answer can be found in the example of an older foreman whom I once heard say he was no longer anything but a timekeeper and clerk. This man realized that he had lost the power to motivate his men. He could do little beyond report them for obvious insubordination and failure to work.

He could not get them to keep up the production rate he expected, or to make any extra effort when peak work-loads required it. This man resented what he considered interference from the staff departments. He was certain that his younger men were all radical smartalecks. He was against any change in procedures or new machinery that he might not understand as well as some of the younger men. His attendance at conferences where he

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gave lip service occasionally to what he considered "baloney" was a waste of his time and the company's money.

If this man could have accepted the changes outlined above, he would then have been in a position to take a positive attitude toward his job. He could have re-examined his new position. Realizing that he had lost the power to motivate through fear, he would have been receptive to ideas and suggestions that might prove to be even more effective ways of motivating his men. For, in essence, that is the purpose of the majority of our foreman training. As he discussed the purpose and functions of the various staff departments, he would have had a better basis for future cooperation with them. As he gained insight into the reasons why his younger men behaved as they did, he might have found them more acceptable. Finally, as he realized the scope of his job and its importance to the organization, he would have been less threatened by the introduction of new equipment with which he was not already familiar.

In conclusion, it is suggested that many foremen are still thinking about their jobs as the job existed when they began working. They are acutely aware of their lost power, the problems of the job caused by complex organizations, technology, and the strange attitudes or behavior of the new men. They need to gain a better understanding of this new job, but more important, they need to accept the changes as a basis for taking a new positive approach to their work.

There once was a man not unique Who imagined himself quite a shique; But the girls didn't fall For the fellow at all—He made only twenty a wique.

The only FREEDOM worth possessing is that which gives enlargement to a people's energy, intellect, and virtues. The savage makes his boast of freedom. But what is its worth? He is, indeed, free from what he calls the yoke of civil institutions. But other and worse chains bind him. The very privation of civil government is in effect a chain; for, by withholding protection from property it virtually shackles the arm of industry, and forbids exertion for the melioration of his lot. Progress, the growth of intelligence and power, is the end and boon of liberty; and, without this, a people may have the name, but want the substance and spirit of freedom.

-Channing



"You're hardly the sports car type . . .

Now turn off that valve! . . . "



KNOW YOUR BUSINESS AND YOU'LL SUCCEED

by Irv. Leiberman

WHEN Hugh Chalmers was sales manager for the National Cash Register Co., he held an annual conference of its agents in Germany and awarded a prize to the man who had made the best record during the year.

He then asked the star salesman to tell the secret of his success.

One salesman strode to the speaker's platform, faced his audience for a moment, and said, "I defy anyone in all Germany to ask me a question about the National Cash Register that I cannot answer."

That was his entire speech, but it was sufficient. He knew his business.

One of the first and most important factors in success is to have an objective. Where do you wish to get? Unless you can answer that question you are doomed to flounder

FOR YOUR CAREER
AND THEN ... LEARN YOUR JOB

around, and any real progress you make will be purely accidental.

In planning your objective, remember that you must aim high to shoot high. Avoid unprofitable employment that has no future.

One of the most successful advertising men the writer has ever known started life in Idaho on a farm helping his foster father, and had only three months of education in a country school. Eventually, he ran away, reached Chicago, and got a job in a cigar store. There he observed that a number of customers who were well dressed and had plenty of money to spend were acquainted with each other. He discovered that they were advertising men.

He hunted until he got a job in an advertising agency, a low-paid, uninteresting job to start, but in a field he then knew offered opportunities for success.

That was his first step in the right direction.

Having embarked into a field in which there is a real chance to succeed, the next requisite is to develop your ability, to try to be the best man in it. In other words, know your business.

The man described above, Harry, did just that. He willingly ran more than his share of errands to printing and engraving plants where he could learn something of the processes employed in the business. He went to night school to improve his English.

He wore out one dictionary after another as well as books on technical subjects that were suggested by the various lines of business the advertising agency served. He asked hundreds of questions of his successful associates.

One day, more in fun than in earnest, Harry's employer asked him to write some advertisements. The result was most astonishing to everyone concerned, for Harry had acquired a clear, forceful style of writing that made good advertising copy.

Without going into all the details of his progress from that point, suffice it to say that as of last year, Harry is now making more than 30 thousand dollars annually as the head of his own advertising agency.

Let others know you know. The world offers no prizes to him who "hides his light under a bushel." While we discount the conceited boaster and quickly tire of the bore who insists on talking about his business on every possible or impossible occasion, either one of these fellows is apt to go further than he who keeps his mouth closed on a good idea.

There is a kind of personal advertising that you owe to yourself. Let the right persons see that you know your business. If you have a new idea, go directly to the boss and tell him. Don't wait until someone else suggests the same thing and

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then murmur, "Oh, I thought of that, too, but . . . "

You'll get no credit for the wonderful ideas that no one knows you have. Don't hold back for fear that you may not get adequate reward. Express one good idea and your brain will have room to conceive another, and it will develop agility in the process.

Don't make the mistake of rushing out to hunt for a new position on the strength of your idea. Unless there is something radically wrong with your employer or with your adjustment to the organization, he is the most likely buyer.

He would not keep you around and pay you a salary unless he regarded you favorably, and he is likely to keep you longer and pay you more if you prove to him that you are really good.

Having started with the right concern for yourself in the right field, avoid making frequent changes. Stick to it. It takes time to become established and known in connection with any form of activity, and valuable time and effort are wasted if you drop one line and take up another.

Don't do it unless you have a worth-while reason for doing so, such as important changes in business conditions; or because, after giving it a fair trial, you find out that your original judgment regarding the business, or your own adaptability to it, was wrong.

There is nothing more unfortunate than having a friend greet you with the question, "What are you doing now?" for that either means that you have failed to register your vocation in his mind, or that he knows you as a hit-and-run worker who is constantly skipping from one thing to another. Such a record indicates either lack of purpose and persistence or lack of ability to hold a position.

Develop will power. Will power is a valuable trait up to the point where it degenerates into pure obstinacy. Don't confound the two. Will power means having a destination or purpose and pursuing it to accomplishment; there is nothing of meanness or stubbornness about it.

Obstinacy is when a person cannot be reasoned with or persuaded in any way—when he has a closed mind. Don't cultivate such an attitude under the mistaken notion that it "shows will power."

A man with will power starts out on a certain errand and completes it. He is not easily distracted or turned aside. He decides to build a business and he stays with the idea until he succeeds.

You can strengthen your will power in the following easy way. If you start out for Main Street to buy a shirt, go to Main Street and buy a shirt. Don't change your mind and, when you are halfway there, decide to turn into Elm Street and purchase

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a pipe. If you plan a certain task for the day, perform that task.

Following the simple practice of doing what you start to do, of having a destination and going there, of not changing your mind every little while, will generate the kind of will power that is valuable. Your unswerving determination about small things will eventually bear fruit when you are attending to matters that are important.

Do it your own way. Early in life the writer learned something that has been worth many thousands of dollars. The idea is usually expressed in a worn-out generality, namely, "Have confidence in your-self." There is a better way to say it. "Believe that your own way of doing something is as good as any-body's if it produces the right result."

This principle does not always apply to technical problems, as there may be scientific reasons which you have not learned for doing something in a prescribed way, but it does fit matters of business policy and management. If you can get it firmly settled in your head, it will mark the beginning of your upward progress.

Remember, your way is as good as anybody's if it gets the right result; assume responsibility, and authority will naturally gravitate to you. Anyone can make a blunder, but the man who is overly afraid of making a mistake never makes anything else.

Learn, also, to finish things. A successful man cannot have his desk, his plant, or his mind cluttered up with "unfinished business."

The half-shipped order, the partly drawn contract, the letter incompletely dictated, the job that is hanging fire while parts are waited for that should have been specified and ordered long ago—all are disastrous.

There was a man who burst like a meteor into a large Eastern city some years back. He was an impressive person—large, vigorous, quick to make friends, an orator and toast-master.

He pushed himself into the limelight and aired his views on every subject of community interest. There was talk of running him for a high political position. He seemed to have everything. But it turned out that he had everything but the ability to finish.

After a while, he would be asked to make the opening speech for a club drive or civic movement because he could boil with enthusiasm for anything at a moment's notice, but the very men who enlisted his services knew that he would cool off quickly and that some patient and plodding soul would have to do the finishing.

Remember, whatever you finish is an accomplishment, no matter how small, but whatever you start and do not finish is just another failure.

Try not to fear competition. When you begin to advance you must learn

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to turn work over to others. That means teaching them and increasing their usefulness to the business. If you are a good teacher, you will show them how to do some of your work. Don't be afraid that they will learn too much and cut you out.

A great businessman used to say that no executive was efficient unless he had his successor trained and ready to take his place. There is always room at the top.

When the head of the business starts to promote you, he hopes that some day you will be able to take the load off his shoulders so he can make you president when he retires to chairmanship of the board of directors.

No good executive tries to do everything himself. When you are training others to assume responsibility, don't forget the reverse side of the rule that your idea is as good as anybody else's. Realize that not everyone will do everything exactly as you would, but that their ways may be as good as yours. Let them exercise initiative.

Great advances in manufacturing methods have been made by encouraging workers to submit ideas in "suggestion boxes." The man who is close to the work often sees opportunities for shortcuts and improvements that his superiors might never discover.

Give your assistants a little rope. Let them do some things in their own way. After assigning the tasks, turn your own attention to more important matters. Then you are on your way up.

A man with a great reputation for training others used to ascribe his success to the fact that he always made his ultimate objective clear, showing assistants exactly what he was trying to accomplish.

This aroused interest, and assured him of loyal co-operation. It generated good team work.

In his automobile factory he had a man who did nothing all day except polish small pieces of metal, but the polisher never knew that was all he did. No, he had the idea that he was making automobiles.

Much the same situation was mirrored in the replies by two workers with cement and trowels who were asked, "What are you doing?"

One of them answered, "Laying bricks." The other replied, "I am building a great cathedral."

You will succeed as a manager when you learn to make those employees—whose duties are but a small part of general operations—feel that they are building "a great cathedral."

[&]quot;Mother, can I go in swimming?"

[&]quot;No, dear. It's too deep."

[&]quot;But Daddy's in swimming."

[&]quot;I know, dear, but he's insured."

Some WOMEN are ROUGH BOSSES

by James Taylor

M. I.AMBERT is a florist for whom I've worked eight years in a job that finds me happy, reasonably well adjusted and contented. We go well together—like liver and bacon, ham and eggs, or rye and ginger ale in a highball.

This is because we don't like women. In fact, the boss *hates* them, and ever since 10:35 a.m., July 5, 1936, which was the exact time his wife disappeared with all his money and a greeting card salesman who left Mr. Lambert his sample case to remember him by.

I make funeral wreaths. Mr. Lambert also makes them, but only when I'm behind on my orders. Most of the time he's either dressing windows, making bouquets, attending customers or belting the bottle. He drinks Old Smuggler the way most folks drink orange juice—you know, out of a water glass. It shows in his face when he's lambasting the bottle; and in his floral decorations, too—

sometimes the lettering is misspelled on his wreaths.

My own dislike for women stems from earlier years when I worked in industry and had women supervisors. Most of them apparently thought I was using an alias and that my real name was Automation—they certainly worked me like a machine.

Now, this is no blanket condemnation of women executives. Many female executives, I've heard, are smart, sympathetic, understanding, fair and honest. This is merely an explanation of how phenomenally lousy my luck was as an industrial worker.

One of my first jobs was supply man for a filling and packing unit, bringing raw material to the line on wood skids and dragging away the finished product. A Mrs. Ingram, a gray-haired female, was supervisor of the line, and her thin face always bore a pained, melancholy expression. It was much like that of the old chap you see in advertisements in cheap

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"You poor, abused soul . . . "

magazines under the caption: "Why Wear A Truss?"

Since I was born with only two legs and two arms Mrs. Ingram probably considered me sort of deformed. When not doing tasks assigned specifically to the job, I'd get pushed around on other chores not related to my job at all.

It was her subtle practice to frequently remark throughout the day, "Jim, when you get around to it"
The trouble was, I never did get around to all the things she wanted done in an eight-hour day. In fact, it seemed I never even had a spare moment to stop, ask anybody: "What's the time?"

Take the coffee break, for instance. While I always got my 10-minute coffee break, invariably it came at an early hour when I neither felt like having it nor really needed it. At other times I'd get the nod from Mrs. Ingram, but usually when I'd have quite a bit of work ahead of

me, or get the break so late I wouldn't have time to drink coffee.

Following long custom the plant had a Christmas party during the holiday season—each department shutting down early and having its own private little shindig. Mrs. Ingram worked our line right up to the last minute, but thawed out sufficiently to chat with individual members of her crew. She asked me coyly: "Well, James, what'll Santa bring you?"

"Frankly, Mrs. Ingram, if he's been watching you push me lately I won't be surprised if I find in my stocking a bale of hay," I told her.

After eight months on her line I was getting swaybacked. I asked her to give me a break—take it easy on me. "I'm no machine."

"I guess I can see that." But her tone implied I was just lazy and complaining.

I finally went to the shop steward. He discussed my complaint with Mrs. Ingram, but somehow it didn't help—in fact, I think it made things worse. Her pained expression became a scowl every time she glanced in my direction. "You poor, abused soul," she said, "working so hard and doing two men's work..." It seemed to me she really began to pile it on. In her book I was a no-good trouble-maker.

I watched the posted jobs on the bulletin board and eventually found what appeared to be a better job helper on one of the company trucks. It paid a nickel more an hour because, as the job description informed, it was "heavy work." In my opinion, though, after my ordeal with Mrs. Ingram there was really no such thing as "heavy" work.

When Mrs. Ingram found I was being transferred she blew her top. I was just ungrateful. I'd never get anywhere shifting around the plant in various jobs. Who did I think I was, anyway? She wouldn't release me. Again I had to get the shop steward. He took care of me. I got my release, but believe it or not, he, too, thought I was being hasty and foolish.

"You got a nice little racket, Jim. After all, the day goes faster when you keep busy the way you do here. And you wanna know somethin' else? The reason she don't wanna release ya is because she's afraid she won't get another good worker like you. She likes you very much, Jim. . "

My first day on the trucks I was assigned permanently to help a guy named Chuck—and I learned something else—the department was headed by a female dispatcher named Miss Dike. She was a shapely blonde who got her job during the war when there was a manpower shortage. More efficient than a man—a genuine whiz—the company kept her on. Miss Dike had a will of iron, for all her beauty, a tongue of fire and a memory like two elephants.

Now, there's no more spiteful person in the world than a spiteful woman—especially if, by some company oversight, she has been given supervisory authority.

Miss Dike didn't like Chuck and I heard all sorts of rumors why. He was handsome. Some said he'd once made a pass at her. Others said she didn't like him because he never made a pass at her. Some said Chuck had once tried to get her job—the reasons were actually a dime a dozen.

Whatever the cause, Chuck was marked in her book and Miss Dike's attitude was, unhappily, expanded to include me. We got the heavy jobs and the dirty ones. Chuck would never give Miss Dike the satisfaction of blowing up or indicating in any way that her treatment bothered him. . .

ME? Once more I was right in the middle. After four weeks helping Chuck I actually yearned for the wonderful job I had left—even Miss Ingram's scowls and sarcasm would have been welcome.

Once more I haunted the bulletin board and soon saw posted an opening as a sampler. The company operated a quality control department where raw materials were tested and finished products analyzed to insure each met quality standards—both raw materials and finished goods had to be sampled; the samples were passed on to company chemists. The job description was: "light work." This was for me. I bid in on the job and got it. Personnel sent me to the

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department for an interview and, on the way over, I stepped into a washroom to freshen up and comb my hair.

Two characters were catching quick smokes in the washroom and were highly critical of a woman supervisor. Like myself they were disorganized and discouraged.

"That Williams dame is sheer

"You're telling me? This is the first break I got today."

"I ain't never going to get caught up this morning. She sure gave me a program this week."

"You know her husband—George Williams?"

"He works in cost accounting, doesn't he?"

"Yeah. That's him. Nice guy. It makes you sort of wonder how he can put up with a dame like her."

"He sure must lead a dog's life..."
Thus it went. They were still walloping Mrs. Williams when I left the washroom.

At quality control I introduced myself to the receptionist.

"Won't you take a seat? I'll send you in as soon as Mrs. Williams is free."

Deep in my middle ear a large gong was banged. "Mrs. Williams?" I asked, softly. "Mrs. George Williams?"

"Why, yes. Do you know Mrs. Williams?"

I merely shook my head, listening intently for the sound of rocks crashing into each other.

Mrs. Williams was tall and broad and determined. She was resourceful and efficient and in that region where most everyone else has a heart she had a stop watch.

"I'm glad you can start tomorrow," she said, before I'd even accepted the job. "We'll be able to initiate our new program. In fact, Mr. Taylor, you'll be starting it." She smiled at me brightly and I smiled back without any reason at all—sort of politely—like any accommodating idiot.

"Could you tell me what the new program is?" I asked hopefully.

Mrs. Williams got right down to business and she literally gave me the business at the same time. Her tone was clipped closer than a college boy's crew cut. "Considerable time is lost by samplers who must walk from warehouse and store rooms to the analytical labs, or from the packing and filling departments to the lab. To eliminate these delays we're furnishing samplers with bicycles. Chet Moran will break you in tomorrow." She nodded and thus brushed me off her list of appointments.

For three months I took samples and rushed these from various buildings of the plant to the analytical labs on a bike. Every night I gave aching calf muscles alcohol rubdowns. The bikes did cut into wasted time, but never enough to suit Mrs. Williams. We were frequently lectured on more speed and efficiency until even such grueling

sport as a six-day bike race began

to appear like duck soup.

I finally had to quit in order to survive, although Mrs. Williams implied in her farewell that I was not long for this world. "Why don't you," she suggested, "see a psychiatrist?"

Somewhere there was a job where a worker like myself would have a male supervisor. I searched the want ads daily, wary of factory work since so many females not only worked in industry, but had somehow wormed their way into important jobs. Eventually I found a job with a cleaning contractor.

Now, a cleaning contractor is a character who sizes up hotels and office buildings, estimates and bids on how much it should cost to keep these buildings clean and, if he gets a contract, hires janitors to clean and wax and polish. The ad said that experience was unnecessary, that the work was light and pleasant, the pay was good, and there were many employee benefits and one should apply at the Capitol Cleaning Contractors.

At the office I ran into a character loading a pick-up truck with mops, brooms, water pails, waxing machine and assorted equipment. The man was a sad-faced Joe and he eyed me gloomily, nor did my explanation that I was a job seeker dispel his melancholia.

"You don't wanna work here,

"You're working here."

"Only until I can get train fare from New York to California. I'd like to even get further away than that—maybe Honolulu or the South Pacific."

"After some of the jobs I've had," I replied, "this one can't be so bad."

His laugh was as hollow as a wooden leg. "You stick around here an' you'll see what I mean."

A gray haired matron stared at us through the office window.

"Does she work here?" I asked.

"You bet she does. Her husband died six months ago. He used to run Capitol Cleaners—a real nice guy. That's his wife. She's the boss now..."

But like I said in the beginning—all that unpleasantness is behind me. I've learned all there is to know about women—the hard way. Right now I wish to go on making funeral wreaths until the long-away day I hope somebody has to make one for me.

A teacher asked his seventh-grade class to describe the difference between a bolt and a nut. One of his girl students wrote:

"A bolt is a thing like a stick of hard metal such as iron with a square bunch on one end and a lot of scratching wound around the other end. A nut is similar to the bolt only just the opposite, being a hole in a little chunk of iron, sawed off short, with wrinkles around the inside of the hole."

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"I'm the new management expert . . . don't stop working . . . we're making a spot check . . . please, keep right on doing your work . . . there are a few things . . . you're not working, Mac . . . "

LEADERSHIP

BY GEN. R. L. MAXWELL

In spite of the fact that the economy of the United States is constantly increasing production of all things that have made our standard of living the envy of the world, there is one thing that is always in short supply: The quality of leadership.

There has never been a period in our history when the need for good leadership was greater than it is to-day. It is a need that we encounter in industry, in politics, in our schools and home communities, in our churches, in the Armed Forces, and in government agencies—in every area of our national life.

As we have seen our economy expand, so have we observed the increase in size and complexity of the industrial organizations that provide the goods and services we demand. The current trend toward mergers has contributed to bringing this about. We have new techniques in marketing, in public relations and in advertising which have helped

to increase the demand for wellestablished products. Millions of dollars are being spent in research and development programs which lead to new discoveries that create new industries where none previously existed.

As recently as 1944, about half of the gross sales of the duPont Co. consisted of products such as nylon. cellophane and synthetic camphor. which either did not exist or were not made in large commercial quantities before 1928. Similarly, since the end of World War II we have seen the rise of great industries based on plastics, synthetic textiles, television, fiberglass, and electronics; and now we have the miraculous new industry, atomic energy. Who knows what new industries will result from the efforts of those engaged in research today-and tomorrow?

General Maxwell is senior vice-president, American Machine & Foundry Co.

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All of these factors have combined to create millions of new jobs—and a great shortage of technically skilled personnel. Most important of all, the shortage of good leaders—that age old problem!—has been re-emphasized. Now, more than ever, it is realized that we simply do not have enough good leaders to meet the demand.

This problem is far from new. It has, in fact, existed for centuries. Men have been writing books, mak-

solve it, but there is still a great deal to be done. We can be grateful for everything that has been done, for while these efforts have not served to increase the quantity or improve the quality of leaders, they have at least made more people aware of the problem.

I have spent almost 50 years in the Army and in industry, and during those years I became very familiar with the problem. I have learned that it is possible to define

"... A GOOD LEADER DOES NOT ALWAYS HAVE TO WIN FRIENDS AND INFLUENCE PEOPLE ..."

ing speeches, and holding meetings such as this, from the days of the early Greeks right up to the present.

Xenophon, in the Kropaidaia, wrote one of the first definitive books on leadership. Millions of words have been written and spoken on leadership since his time, but little improvement seems to have come about in either the quantity or quality of leaders.

Of course management, in its awareness of this problem, has invested many thousands of dollars and of man-hours in the attempt to the qualities of leadership, that we can recognize real leadership in action, and that we can often measure its results.

You might think, therefore, that it would be a simple matter to formulate some sort of magic equation, run it through an electric brain, and derive a solution to the problem that we could use successfully with likely candidates for positions of leadership.

Leadership, however, seems to defeat all of our attempts to analyze it scientifically, as do so many of the

qualities in the area of human relations. Consider, for instance, the power of love. Who can calculate it? We all know that it sometimes makes small men do big things, and big men do small things; we recognize it when it exists in our own lives, but we certainly do not always know why, or how, it exists. We do know it is there, and we learn to acknowledge it as a vital, moving force that often carries men far beyond their normal capacities or abilities. Nevertheless, love does not necessarily make good leaders, and management couldn't do much about it if it did! There are other techniques management has adopted in its attempt to solve the problem of developing good leadership.

One of these is the organization approach. We are all familiar with the organization chart, all dressed up to show very clearly, by means of vertical, horizontal and sometimes diagonal lines, what each man does, what he is responsible for, and to whom he reports.

As a supplement to the organization chart we have job descriptions. These define in very precise terms what a man's duties are, how far his authority goes, and his relationship to the other members of the organization.

Now, the organization chart and job descriptions are a very necessary part of good personnel procedure, especially in a large organization. However, I must emphasize that of themselves these things do not make good leaders.

Merely to indicate on an organization chart that a man has a certain job, and that he is responsible for directing the activities of X number of people, may make him a boss, a manager, a foreman, so far as reporting and communication are concerned; but it does not make him a leader automatically.

A second approach that management has made to the problem of leadership has been the human relations technique. By this method, management may send promising personnel to business schools for advanced courses, or it may employ the services of a psychologist, of a psychological testing service, or even of a psychiatrist, and run its promising personnel through an eighthour series of psychological tests. This, again, is good in a limited way, but it still does not result in turning out good leaders.

THE TROUBLE with many modern and otherwise progressive industries is that they consider these two approaches the solution to the problem, and fail to realize the fundamental facts with regard to the development of good leadership.

These facts are:

ONE—You cannot create leadership by organization alone.

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leadership simply by teaching or training.

Now let us suppose that management, in an enlightened moment, will one day recognize these basic principles of leadership development. They may then throw up their hands and say, "Very well! There just isn't anything we can do to develop good leaders." Or they may take a more realistic view of the problem, and come to realize that, while they cannot make good leaders on paper or in the classroom, they may very well do a great deal to provide the sort of climate in which good leaders can develop and flourish.

This can be a most important first step in the right direction, for it goes without saying that management can make or break its leaders by its own basic attitudes toward the men it selects for leadership.

The meaning of this is that good leadership must start at the top and work its way down through the entire organization. It is obvious that without the right kind of leadership at the top, the morale and spirit of the whole organization will suffer. That is the simple reason why the chief executives of successful organizations command so much money for their services. They don't get it because of an arbitrary or capricious decision on the part of a board of directors. They get it because they have demonstrated the ability to develop a team of good leaders whose united efforts increase the production and sales in the organization to a point where they earn many times over the salaries they are paid.

In recent years we have seen many dramatic proofs of this, of how an individual has taken over the leadership of a relatively small company and built it into a position of dominance in its branch of industry. Conversely, we have seen how a well-established leader in industry has lost its position and gone downhill because the president lacked the spark of good leadership and failed to build a team of good leaders to support him.

No man can do the whole job for his company. He must have the ability to create a favorable climate for the creation of a team of good leaders to work with him in taking the organization to new heights of progress and prosperity.

I' Is somewhat ironic that often a good leader does not fit the popular conception of what a good leader is. He need not, for instance, be a spellbinder. While a good leader may possess this quality, it is not a necessity, and many of the best leaders in all fields of endeavor have been men who have not been able to rivet the attention of an audience for an hour or more. More often, the measure of a man's leadership ability is determined by what he says and does, by his integrity, and by the sincerity in his words, rather

than in the mere manner of his speech.

Again, a good leader does not always have to be able to win friends and influence people. Such a technique will often make a good salesman, but it does not necessarily make a good leader. I believe we have all become a little wary of the high pressure type of man who relies on the false flattery and display of high spirits commonly associated with "influencing people."

So far we have been discussing a few of the characteristics a good leader does not have to have. Suppose now we consider a few of the qualities I believe he must possess.

First, and foremost, I would put integrity. That is of the utmost importance because we are living in a world where integrity has sometimes become clouded by expediency, and where men have been more inclined to bend the truth to serve their own ends rather than suffer criticism because of their honest convictions.

The second quality of leadership, which is closely allied to integrity, is courage. When we speak of courage, we are inclined to think of physical courage; but moral courage requires even greater strength, and surely is a prime requisite of leadership. A good leader will always express and, if need be, strongly defend, his convictions, regardless of

who may be against him. The easy thing to do is to go along with the crowd; but to do so is most certainly not in the organization's best interests.

The third quality of a good leader is bealth—physical, mental and moral health. A man cannot be a good leader if he does not keep himself in top physical condition so that he can give the job the very best that he has. He cannot be a good leader if he has outside interests which conflict with the spirit of the organization which employs him and the rules of the society in which he lives.

The fourth quality of a good leader is intelligence. By this term I do not mean academic learning essentially-how many degrees a man may have acquired; or how many books he may have read. I do mean the capacity to understand situations, the capacity to learn and assimilate new ideas. The truly intelligent leader will always want to keep his mind open to new conceptions, to new approaches to old problems. He will always realize that in his field, as in every other, perfection is forever a little out of reach.

The fifth quality of a good leader is the *ability to inspire* his subordinates. This is unquestionably one of the most difficult qualities for a leader to develop. Some people be-

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leader bordione of for a ble believe it is born in a man, and not acquired. However this may be, there is no doubt that it is a quality a good leader can develop. We have all heard of the many occasions during times of war when a patrol or group leader, by the sheer force of his inspiring leadership, was able to take a weary and discouraged group of soldiers and turn them into heroes. The old Army saying, "Don't ask your men to do anything you would not do yourself," has its application in industry as well as in front line fighting.

The sixth quality, as I see it, is an inquiring mind. A good leader must go around to see the people who work under his direction and make himself familiar with their problems and activities. There is nothing more discouraging to a subordinate than to have to explain some difficult situation to his superior from its beginning. On the other hand, he will be greatly encouraged if the superior, by his intelligent comments and suggestions, indicates that he is familiar with the problem and has given it due thought and consideration.

The seventh quality of a good leader is his willingness to allow freedom of action to his subordinates. He enjoys his position as a leader because he knows a little more than the people under him, and

there is nothing easier than to tell a subordinate, step-by-step, exactly how a job is to be done. While this will result in getting the job done exactly the way the superior wants it, it is not the method of a good leader and can never evoke that extra effort from his people that is so essential to raising standards of performance. A good leader will state only the objectives, the time deadline, and the results he expects, and he will leave the methods to the discretion of his subordinates. He will recognize that there is often more than one way to do a good job, and if the subordinate does not approach the assignment in some particular way, it is always best to withhold judgment until the results are in. Many a man has been surprised to learn that in this way he has accomplished a great deal more than he had expected.

The eighth quality of a good leader is his willingness to back up the decisions of the people to whom he has given responsibility. It goes without saying that if a leader gives authority, he must back up the individual to whom he gives it, even if the subordinate makes a wrong decision. He will learn soon enough that he has made a wrong decision, and if he is conscientious and intelligent, he will make every effort to see that he does not make that

mistake again. However, if the leader deserts him at a time when he most needs support, and tries to make him shoulder the entire blame, he will never forget. He will become unduly cautious, and will never feel quite as free to make decisions in the future.

The ninth and final important quality of a good leader is his ability to give commendation when it is deserved. This not only means that a good leader will always comment favorably on the completion of an outstanding job, but will also never try to take credit for a good job performed by one of his people in which he himself has had little, if any, part. If a subordinate does a good job, it gives his morale a tremendous boost if he is given credit for it up the line. At the same time credit is reflected on the leader, because it is he who has created the favorable climate in which the subordinate works, and he has proved himself big enough to give his subordinate the credit he might himself receive by implication by failing to mention the subordinate's name. By corollary, giving constructive criticism, and giving it in private, is an equally important part of the good leader's equipment for his job.

The QUALITIES of leadership I have outlined are those that have impressed themselves upon me

through the years. They are by no means a summation of all the qualities that are characteristic of a good leader, but if you will think about them I believe they will give you some insight into this very complex area of human relations in industry. You must always bear in mind that leadership is an art rather than a science.

Many of you gentlemen have been selected by your companies to fill the posts of responsibility assigned to you, with the thought that you will advance to higher positions accordingly, as you meet the demands of these positions of leadership.

I know that each of you has his own method of checking on the progress of the people who are your responsibility. In this connection, I would like to pass on to you my own ideas for what they may be worth. For want of a better name, I call it the "four-question system."

I try to put an employee at his ease when I talk to him, and sometimes begin by discussing something completely irrelevant to the subject I have in mind.

When I note that he is relaxed a bit, I ask him question number one: "What is your job?"

Now if he gives me a clear-cut answer in 30 seconds or so, I know that he is well established in his job. Perh to a me an h

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Perhaps he will take a few minutes to answer, and that will not bother me too much. However, if he takes an hour or so, I begin to worry.

In any event, when we have finished with that question, we are in agreement on just what his job is.

I THEN ASK my number two question: "How are you getting along in your job?" He may answer that he is getting along very well, and that, of course, is what I always hope to hear. Perhaps, though, he will tell me that certain people in the organization are blocking his attempts to do a good job because they don't see eye-to-eye with him, or for some other reason. At this point I begin to wonder how truly objective he is about his work.

It may be that in answering this second question he will say something about the past, perhaps more about the present, and at length about the future—not so much about himself, but about his job. When this happens I don't have to ask my third question, which is: "What are your plans for the future?" Naturally, in his reply to this question, I want to hear his own thoughts and ideas with respect to his plans for his job, and not merely an echo of what he believes I think about his job.

With questions one, two, and three answered, I ask my fourth and final question: "What can I do to help you?" This is extremely important, in my view. No man likes to feel that he is completely alone with his job. If I can make him understand that I have a sincere interest in his work and his problems, and stand willing to do anything in my power to help him, then I know I have taken a long step toward developing a loyal and willing teammate.

You are here this afternoon because you have positions of leadership and responsibility, and you hope and expect to advance to higher positions that will demand the qualities of leadership in still greater measure. I cannot say that you will all become great leaders, for the characteristics of good leadership depend in some degree upon factors which are already beyond your control: birth, environment, childhood training, education and experience. Nevertheless, while you may not all become great leaders, you can certainly learn a few of the things that will help you to avoid being bad leaders. If I have left you with anything of value along that line, I shall consider my visit with you well worthwhile.

This article was adapted from an address presented to the Foremen's Club of Dayton.

Let's FLOG the 创近用 FOLKS

by B. M. Atkinson

The author

suggests that

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IT HAS been recommended by J. Edgar Hoover that juvenile delinquents be lashed for their crimes. Discussing this recommendation on WHAS, "Moral Side of the News," Rabbi Joseph Rauch and the Rev. W. A. Benfield agreed with Hoover. Juvenile Court Judge Luis Jull, however, disagreed.

"It's over-simplifying the problem," he said "Besides the lashings would be about 10 to 15 years too late."

Well, all of those gentlemen are headed in the right direction but only Judge Jull seems to be baying after the right member of the family. In short, instead of flogging Junior, why don't the courts give old Mom and Pop a touch of the cat? After all, they're responsible for Junior. Embroider that fact on the backs of enough parents and your juvenile problem will be about 95 per cent over.

Of course something along this line has been suggested before. That is, some authorities have suggested that, instead of sending junior to jail, send his daddy. Now that's a move in the wor

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the right direction, too, but it won't work out, because of the financial hardship involved. If Daddy goes to jail for Junior, who's going to feed the rest of the family and who's going to pay for that stolen car that Junior wrecked?

STOP BY THE JAIL

The lash, though, works no financial hardship. Daddy can stop by the jail after work, collect the 40 lashes that Junior has won for him,

and then go on home. That, of course, brings up this point: Suppose Junior thinks Daddy looks good in stripes? Suppose he just keeps on stealing cars? Has Daddy got to go through life looking like a welted zebra?

Of course not! There would be laws protecting old Dad on this score. After receiving his first lashing he would get written permission from the court to work Junior over in any fashion he saw fit. Fire arms, axes, etc., would be prohibited but he still would have recourse to rubber hoses, baseball bats, tire chains, golf clubs, door stops, bamboo splints under the fingernails, etc. Anything, just so long as he didn't break more than three major bones or spill more than a couple of quarts of Junior's blood.

But this "Flog-the-Old-Folks" proposal isn't really meant for the present crop of teen-agers. Most of 'em are pretty fine people, and those who aren't are too far gone to do much about except flog, club or chloroform. But with our next crop of teen-agers, the program would really get results.

For example, it would do away with the "Helpless Mother." There are thousands of these idiots who go around bragging that they just can't do a thing with children.

"HE JUST TALKS BACK"

"Eddie's just awful," a typical one

will say. "He just talks back to me something terrible. I just can't do a thing with him."

There she is, a grown woman, but she can't cope with a six-year-old boy. But if the F.O.F. was in effect and she knew that

she was going to get *bers*, if he didn't get *his*, she would cope with *bim*. And if she didn't cope with him, Daddy would.

"If you think you're gonna grow up and get me flogged," he'd tell Eddie, "you're nuts. Hand me that bed slat, mother. And, if you don't start teaching him manners and some respect for people, I'm going to use it on you."

In short, beatings are very therapeutic, but they've got to be administered when the subject is young, tender and impressionable. Wait too long and you've got to use baseball bats to get through to 'em.

FUN at any PRICE * dick acklaugh



MY CONSCIENCE, a flashy little gadget that operates on either AC or DC, has been working overtime lately. Once again it's time to bundle up the family, secure them firmly with fishing twine, and make a stab at a vacation trip. I'm fighting the thing tooth and nail but they're closing in on me from all sides.

I spent most of last summer slogging up and down a stretch of sunburned sand turning children over so they would brown on both sides. Once in a while I'd turn the wrong child and a lady would hit me with a beach umbrella. I also walked a total of 218 miles carrying hot dogs and bottles of flavored water. Part of the mileage resulted when I for-

got the mustard. My wife loves mustard, and my three daughters can't live without it. At home they won't touch the stuff.

This year I'm making an effort to develop a faster wallet draw. This is a basic vacation maneuver in which the hand swings rapidly toward the hip, extracts the wallet and levels it at a concessionaire. Last year I was all thumbs for the first few days, and the family missed quite a few things. Due to a defect in my timing, the children missed ice cream seven times the first day. In addition, my wife was forced to abandon a complete outfit of seashell jewelry—tiara, earrings, necklace, bracelet and stomacher. All seashells.

I am going to make an honest ef-

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fort to be humble in traffic. If someone bangs into me, I am going to smile winsomely and turn the other fender. If it is a lady driver I may even let her push in the radiator grill. Just before I take her license number and a deposition from the bystanders, I will bow politely and wish her Godspeed.

Above all, I am going to make a very special effort to believe in signs. If a twenty-four-sheet billboard informs me that Lake Slipshod is a "Rustic Paradise of Pleasure where you can loll at ease in a cozy waterfront cottage", they have come to the right man. Later, any complaints I address to the management about bats in the bedroom, or the six block walk to the waterfront, will be drip-

ping with honey. Even my threats to sue will be delicately worded and delivered in a plain envelope.

I am really determined to say nothing about the food at Lake Slipshod. At table I will adopt an inscrutable half smile. While the others are gorging themselves on cold sliced bologna and bread pudding, I will meditate. I may even summon the chef and tip him handsomely. I have a bundle of cigar coupons that look exactly like money. If he fails to see the humor in the situation, we can meet later in back of the cookhouse and pelt each other with the French toast left from breakfast.

Hello, Lake Slipshod! Goodbye worries!

A motorist, driving down the highway, saw a car stalled in the ditch along the road.

He stopped his car, got out, and walked back to the stalled car. As he approached the car he saw a man standing in front of the car, but he was startled to see two kittens hitched with twine to the front bumper.

"What's the idea of those kittens?" he asked the man indignantly.

"To get the car out, of course."

"But, you mean to tell me that you expect those two kittens to pull your car out of the ditch?"

"Why not? I have a whip, haven't I?"

A cowpuncher ordered a steak at a restaurant. The waiter brought it in ture—very rare. The cowpuncher looked at it and demanded that it be returned to the kitchen and cooked.

"It is cooked," snapped the waiter.

"Cooked—nothin'," replied the cowpuncher. "I've seen cows hurt worse than that and get well."



It was the kind of a springtime afternoon on which Alabamians like to go fishing, but Hayes Aircraft Corp. overhaul mechanics at Fort Rucker, Ala., were so busy that they hardly noticed. A young mechanic named Vernon Sorenson was up on the main rotor of an Air Force helicopter, checking it for possible wear that might cause future mechanical

trouble. His foot slipped and he tumbled to the ground, seriously injuring his back.

Two years and four unsuccessful surgical operations later, Sorenson still was totally disabled. His wife and six children were living on his \$23 weekly workmen's compensation, supplemented by occasional fund, food, and clothing drives conducted

EDITOR'S NOTE—The National Management Association is an organization promoting the development of supervisory management personnel into competent management executives. To justify NMA existence in industry, its programs must primarily be concerned with the development of industrial managers and club projects related directly to industry. A natural byproduct of NMA club activities, however, is application of the professional leaders' management know-how to non-industrial projects which challenge the affiliated clubs.

The second major NMA objective is promotion of teamwork within management organizations for the achievement of worthwhile goals which directly benefit industry. Often, however, non-industrial projects challenge a club to achieve civic, community service, or humanitarian goals.

Just as management men have non-industrial leadership responsibilities as good citizens, so do NMA clubs.

The Hayes Aircraft Corp. Management Club of Fort Rucker, Ala., has successfully combined its members' leadership ability with the club's "management team" unity for the achievement of an unusually challenging humanitarian project.

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by the National Management Association Club of Hayes Aircraft.

Just about the time the mechanic was learning to sit up in bed for short periods, with the aid of a heavy traction brace, his landlord served an eviction notice.

The Hayes Management Club surveyed its membership for rental property owners. Two members living on farms bashfully offered "pretty well run-down tenant houses." Neither house had water, and both would require remodeling before people could live inside. How a house might be rebuilt and a well dug in the two weeks remaining before the scheduled eviction stymied even the most exuberant members of Hayes management.

A former Hayes employee heard of the plight and volunteered a similarly ramshackle house—but it did have a fresh-water well on the premises. The owner said that if the club wanted to fix up the house, he'd gladly give a rent-free lease for the duration of the mechanic's disability—plus 10 months. After that, if the

man wanted to rent the house, he could have it for 10 dollars a month.

With seven days and nights before eviction, an NMA "work crew" volunteered to tackle the rebuilding job during the evenings. They would start by leveling the house, ripping out the rotted interior; installing new wall studdings and walls, floor joists and floors. Windows, doors, and electrical wiring also had to be replaced.

A few pessimists saw the house and went back home to watch television. Some doubting Thomases on the sidelines were persuaded to accept the idled tools.

The night before the rebuilding job was scheduled to begin, the electric company disconnected the service and took out the meter, as a matter of routine. The job proceeded at 10 p.m. when the lights went on—by utility executive order on advice from the mayor of Fort Rucker. One group tore down, cleared away debris and rebuilt, while another solicited donations of building materials.

By New Year's Eve the rebuilt

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interior of the house was ready for the several gallons of "surplus" paint donated by a friendly citizen. The paint crew poured in all the paint-thinner they had but still the paint would not liquify. Stores had been closed for hours and New Year's Eve revelry had begun, but the family was scheduled to move in the next day. A paint store owner was persuaded to leave his party to share in donating fresh paint with another merchant.

As the New Year came in, Hayes management "painters" had just begun to brush on paint.

Early the next morning, a National Guard truck was backed up to the apartment and loaded with the Sorenson family's belongings. Management Club wives were busy talking with school officials about the transfer of the four school-age Sorenson children, checking the school bus routes and schedules, making curtains for, and adding women's touches to, the home.

When the truck drove into the yard with the last load of furniture and the family, one man still was inside the house building a closet and another was finishing up the painting of a bedroom.

A few hours after the family was installed in the house, a state laboratory issued an urgent warning against anyone drinking from the well: it was contaminated with several kinds of disease bacteria.

The club decided it was imprac-

tical to clean the old well or dig a new one, so they asked the city to pipe water to the house from the city main about four blocks away. The city said it could not.

So one crew of Hayes Management Club members solicited water pipe while another dug the ditch—eight feet deep in places. Soon the Sorensons had fresh city water—and the city had 1172 feet of free pipeline linking its water system with a new customer.

The club's rehabilitation committee found a doctor who was sure that one more operation would get Vern Sorenson back on his feet in eight months, but his insurance company refused to pay for it. The club placed the insurance matter in the hands of an attorney and launched a "Let's Get Vern Back to Work" drive to raise \$1,000 for the operation.

One member of Hayes management found a farmer with surplus livestock, so the Sorenson family began to have fresh milk from its private cow.

"Good aircraft mechanics like Vern are hard to find," explains a Hayes supervisor.

"These impossible jobs usually take a little longer than the easy ones," says another member of management.

Meanwhile, helicopter mechanic Vern Sorenson is getting ready to go back to work.

> Shelby G. Fuller, President. Hayes Management Club

Third in a series: The Supervisor in History





III---The Roman

by Henry John Colyton

L UCIUS JUNIUS SERPO loved to hear himself talk, but no one else did. He was shrewd in business and really meant well, but even the kindly Emperor Antoninus regarded him as the biggest bore in the Empire.

With the Emperor's opinion, Serpo's estate manager, the lean and sardonic Verdonus, heartily agreed. He had learned to stand patiently without listening while the stream of words went on. These moments with his master gave the harried *villicus* almost his only free time, outside of the hours of sleep. And more and more, Serpo spent time at his villa, since Roman polite society dodged him wherever it could.

Serpo was complaining about the slaves again. "They aren't worth their fodder," he was saying in his high-pitched, peevish voice, "and I know others say the same. Yet you've got to keep them fed and clothed or they won't work at all. Beat them as much as they deserve and they up and die on you, and there's your investment gone. They run away, and time and money has to be wasted to fetch them back. And they get cold and creaky and no one will buy them, so they sit around eating their heads off. What's the answer, Verdonus? Eh? Eh?"

Verdonus roused slightly at the note of inquiry and bowed. That was usually the only answer he had to make. But today Serpo was worse than usual. His pinkly flabby face wore an injured expression.

"You ought to give me your honest opinion, Verdonus," he complained.
"After all, I'm your master and I'm asking you for it. It's not every master

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who consults a slave, even a supervisor like you, Verdonus, and you're a good boy. I mean to free you, you know, on my birthday in January."

Since he had no faintest idea of what Serpo had been talking about, yet did not dare now to refuse a reply, Verdonus let his chief worry boil to the top.

"I don't think it's a good idea to let those gladiators you're having trained for the market practice with edged weapons," Verdonus said. "The training farm is too close to your villa. I don't feel safe. And that Gracchus you've got training them is a sly devil. I've been there and I know. After all, the gladiator farm is in my charge too."

Eagerly, Serpo fell on the topic. "Gracchus is a smart lanista," he said. "It's perfectly true that a gladiator will take his training more seriously when he knows his opponent can really kill him. Gracchus says this lot is shaping well, and almost ready for the market. I ought to get top prices for them. Anyhow, that's not your affair. You see that they get their feed, that's all."

"I'm responsible," Verdonus persisted doggedly. "What if they start trouble?"

"You're an old woman." Serpo dipped his nose in the silver beaker at his elbow. "Now, really, what makes you think we're going to have any trouble?"

"I don't trust Gracchus," Verdonus answered. "I know he's a top-ranking lanista, but—" What else could he say? That one of the drovers from the gladiator farm had been seen in earnest conversation with one of the wood-cutters, and took to his heels when Verdonus had approached? They had been talking about the weather, the wood-cutter had insisted. Could he mention sly glances, faint whispers behind hands, and ominous, sudden silences? Serpo would only laugh. "I think he's making trouble," he said, lamely.

"If anyone starts trouble, set the whippers on them. Do I have to tell you what to do?" asked Serpo. "Don't you have all the guards you need? How about those four Thracians I bought for you in Pompeii?"

"They're all right, I guess," Verdonus answered with a shrug. "By the way, master, that cobbler you bought in the same lot is a Christian, did you know?"

Serpo set down his flagon. "No!" he exclaimed. "That rascally dealer—beat it out of him, boy. No wonder I got him so cheap! How do you know?"

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ealer do you "He told me so. I said he was doing a good job with the boots, and he says, 'I'm a Christian, brother—I try to do the cobbling as if Our Lord were going to wear the boots."

Serpo laughed. "Well, he's in your charge. Let me know if you want to get rid of him."

There was dismissal in the tone. Verdonus bowed and took himself out of the pleasant villa garden, noting as he went that the flower-beds had been properly cultivated. He passed through the great house, his progress punctuated by interviews with the butler, the chief cook, the head weaving-woman (a far old girl with a bright eye, whom he rather liked) and a dozen head slaves besides.

Ourside the mansion itself, his supervisory responsibilities spread abroad on every side. Orchards, fishponds, bee-hives, vegetable gardens—the breeding pens for game birds and animals—dairies, and stables. Beyond the immediate vicinage of the villa were the ofive orchards, the vineyards, the pland pastures for sheep and carrie—they were all tended by busy slave rangs under the direction of the monitores—the experienced head men who reported directly to him. And because he was nervous and uneasy, Verlonus saw them all as a pack of murdering villains.

When he made his last visit of the day, the stars were out, and the great sone slave barracks was quier except for the snores of the exhausted workers, sleeping row on row in the scanty straw. The big blue-eyed German in charge, re-named Regulus, was his trusted lieutenant. In complete mail, he walked at Verdom's side through the length of the barracks. The new Thracian guards were at their posts. Everything looked peaceful and secure. But the burly officer modded when Verdom's asked him a question. "No trouble, maybe," he replied, "One I had to bear today. I did him no harm. He had done nothing. A man looks at you out of his eye-corners. Why?"

"It may be they're just shifty and restless with the press of the fall work. I hope. I'll be over again, perhaps, after I've eaten."

"A NOTHER sausage, master?"

A Verdonus lifted his heavy eyes. Old Numa, the Christian cobbler, was offering him the dish. He had taken the old fellow into his own cottage, mostly to keep him away from rough handling in the slave quarters and because Numa had said he could cook. Verdonus had had to sell several previous cooks because they had all managed to get at the wine supply and lie out in the sun drunk, a sight for all to see. Christian though he was,

Old Numa had not lowered the level of the supply, and he didn't cook badly. Of course he had a snug berth here. Now his wrinkled old face wore its usual friendly smile. Verdonus speared a sausage.

Tomorrow he would shift every slave gang, from the wood-cutters to the mill-squad. Those edged weapons on the gladiator farm—the treacherous grin of Gracchus the lanista—Serpo was an idiot to—

As his weary eyes closed again, a sudden memory startled Verdonus. Was it because of Serpo's promise to free him that he had a vision of that long-forgotten valley of the Loire where his boyhood had been spent, before the slaughtering Roman legions had come? Why should he think of it now? His people were all gone. Even when he would be free, he would go on working as supervisor of the great Junian villa. He had money laid up—sales of oil and wine and cattle, surplus slaves—all the villa produce had brought him his own small dividend by Serpo's agreement. Why should he be thinking about the misty water-meadows of his homeland?

Freedom brought no special stir to his tired heart. He was alone in the world. His children—Serpo had mated him with a number of pretty slaw girls—were growing up in the Junian house in Rome. He had seldom seen them. The women had been shrill, nagging, jealous creatures that he had been glad to get rid of. Now he was alone with his job, and the old cobbler—ridiculously re-named, as were almost all the slaves, for some great Roman hero—to cook for him. What could freedom bring him?

Back in the slave barracks for a final inspection, he thought again how much like a barn it was. There was the straw, the dung, the sleeping animals. Everything was quiet. Except that, once, the torchlight reflected itself in the open eyes of a slave. They immediately closed.

Verdonus made his mind up. He would go to the gladiator farm next day.

"You are worried, master?" the voice of Numa cut into his thought. The old lad meant no harm. He would have been as free in his talk with the great Serpo himself.

"What makes you think so?"

"The look in your eyes, master. But we are all in the Lord's hands, master. He will watch over us."

"How good is your god in stopping a slave rebellion?" "Not," he added, "that there's going to be any trouble."

"The Lord can do all things, but His ways are not always ours. But master, I will pray for you. You are a good man."

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"Well, damn your impudence," grunted Verdonus. He went to bed—and his fitful sleep was full of dreams of the Loire valley, and his father returning from the hunt.

GRACCUS THE LANISTA grinned at the villicus. "Just as you say," he flexed his great muscles and spat thoughtfully on the ground. "I'm to gather all the edged weapons and send them down to the villa. You know what that will do to the training I've been giving this batch."

Verdonus looked over the great practice enclosure—sanded like the arena at Rome, surrounded by colonnaded barracks. The gladiators got the best of everything—food, shelter, arms. The men were superb animals, and there were plenty of them. Some were middle-aged, with bard-muscled, experienced, scarred and truculent. Others were young, supple, fiercely energetic. They were of all nations and all tongues—all splendid fighting machines.

"You heard me the first time," he said. "The carts will be here before loag Every weapon with an edge goes back to the villa."

'I'll send word to Gabby," sneered Gracchus.

'You mean our master.'

"We'll see if he wants to spoil the market value of the best batch of inhers I've ever trained."

"I'll risk it. See to it that you obey orders, or by all the gods, I'll have the greenest swineherd take the skin off your back, Gracchus. I'm in charge here."

He rode away with the glaring eyes of the proud lanista boring holes in his back. He had wanted to remind the lanista of what happened to revolting slaves when they were captured—the long rows of crosses, each with its writhing, tormented burden, slowly dying of thirst and blood loss through long hours in the sun. He felt that it would be imprudent even to mention the prospect of the revolt he feared.

His head sagged forward as he rode. He had been up before dawn, switching the slave gangs. The head-men he had ordered sharply to keep their crews jumping and the lash busy. Everything was in order so far . . . the sun beat down on his head. . . .

His father's voice called to him sternly. He lifted his heavy lids. For a moment, the green valley of the Loire lay before him. Then he came awake. His horse was cropping grass in the shadow of a grove of chestnut trees. Where was the road? How long had he been asleep?

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An icy hand seemed to grip his vitals, and his mouth was as dry as if he were hanging on a cross.

When the house slaves had all been killed or had fled in terror of the bloody blades, the mad army of gladiators and slaves charged the door of the tower where Serpo had taken refuge. But the door was immensely stout and they could not break it at once.

Verdonus looked around him. Regulus, the faithful barracks officer, was out of his pain now. How the *villicus* had managed to drag the fainting man up the steep tower stairs was as much of a mystery as *why* he had done it. Sooner or later the door would give, anyhow.

He looked at the others. Serpo, blood-stained and furious, glared at the door—for once in his life, silent. Old Numa had his eyes shut and his hands folded. His lips moved.

Verdonus drew a long breath. "We're for it," he said.

"They'll pay for it," grunted Serpo." I should have fled when you ordered me to, but damned if I could bear to turn tail."

The whole tower shook. "They're using a log to bash it in," thought Verdonus.

He was not afraid, as he had feared he might be. He thought of the work he had done, of dewy mornings and the smell of the wine vats, of hours when his heart had swelled with the knowledge that he was really king of this great estate, no matter who the owner was. Now it was nearly over. His work was done. There would be a few moments of pain, and then he could rest. . . .

"Dear Lord, bless Serpo and Verdonus, and bring them into Thy Kingdom," prayed the little cobbler, eyes closed, smiling happily.

With a screech of sundered timber and iron, the door at the stair foot gave in.

A FTERWARDS, when Gracchus had died under torture and it was all over, men remarked with grim admiration how well the whole revolt had been planned. Almost every Junian slave had been party to it, except the house servants and upper officers.

There were plenty of comments about Serpo's rashness in permitting edged weapons on the gladiator farm. Heads wagged in the Forum, and thoughtful men eyed their own human property with dubious eyes. How could you tell—?

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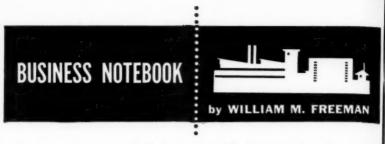
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"Nelson, it's been brought to my attention that you've been riding the help lately."



M ILLIONS OF US still don't have television sets, but the magic picture boxes are piling up in warehouses. Manufacturers are slowing down production and laying off workers.

The industry produced 6,900,000 units in 1956, against 7,400,000 the year before. Color sets, for which so much had been hoped, fared worse. The Radio Corporation of America had hoped to sell 250,000 of the rainbow-hued devices, but actually moved only 102,000. David Sarnoff, chairman of the giant leader of the industry, put the 1956 loss on making of color sets and broadcasting of the tinted programs at \$6,900,000, and added this cheerful comment:

"This is certainly a reasonable expenditure to lay the foundation for a business that promises substantial profits in the near future."

A good many economists agree with him that—

THE FUTURE IS BRIGHT

—for the television industry and other major segments of the economy. Sumner H. Slichter, Lamont University professor at Harvard, is highly optimistic.

In conversation at the Harvard

Graduate School of Business Administration, the distinguished economist said that inventories were not too heavy at all, and noted that the situation had changed materially since the beginning of the year.

At the year's outset, he said, forecasters looked for expansion in the first half, followed by "a horizontal movement," or slow contraction, in the second half. When the first half comes to a close, he said, it will have shown small monthly changes or possibly a slow rise, with the second half confounding the year-end predictions by recording a moderate slow expansion. He ascribed the present lull to a slower rate of inventory accumulation and a decision by many enterprises to hold on to cash reserves to finance expenditures on plants and equipment.

The present slow situation, however, is taking a toll of—

SMALL BUSINESS

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have closed before Dr. Slichter's prediction of a second-half upturn is realized. The Small Business Committee of the House ascribes this state of affairs to what it calls excessive profit-making by big business, plus the tight-money policies of the Administration and the Federal Reserve. The findings of the committee, which is headed by Rep. Wright Patman, Texas Democrat, differ sharply from the conclusions of the President's Council of Economic Advisors, which asserts that the cause for the rising living cost, and the unhappy effect on small business' ability to hold on, is the high cost of labor.

Among those particularly affected will be the small makers of consumer appliances. The sluggish selling of television sets, especially, will cause many producers to be—

FORCED TO CLOSE

—until the topheavy inventory situation rights itself. The first to be affected probably will be the private-label manufacturers, some of whose video sets are "not all there." Some of these producers turn out a stripped-down set that works well enough in rural and small urban areas but doesn't work well at all in large metropolitan areas. Many stores consequently are shying away from the private-brand makers and turning to well-known brand-name manufacturers for such supplies as they need.

Very likely one of the reasons for the slow sales of television sets is the fare they offer—the old-time movies, cut to pieces and peppered with commercial announcements.

SPECIALISTS QUESTIONED

The current educational practice of turning out specialists instead of broadly-educated leaders has been questioned by a management executive who for a quarter of a century has been selecting and placing college graduates in jobs. He is Wilfred D. Gillen, president of the Bell Telephone Co., who told an educational conference that the country's technical schools had finally noted and become concerned over the relatively small percentage of their graduates who had reached the top in industry.

He said that industry itself had been recruiting specialists and neglecting broadly-trained workers, and the schools had gone along at the expense of teaching the social sciences.

At the other end of the scale, in-

ADVANCED TRAINING

—of management, a criticism has been voiced by Allison V. MacCullough, well-known management consultant and educator. MacCullough observed that the academic world has had difficulty in persuading business and industry to see the value of advanced and continuing education. While industry recognizes the advantage of converting a specialist

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into a broadly-trained man, Mr. Mac-Cullough observes, somewhat caustically, that top management expects a packaged solution in the form of the advanced management type of program being presented by various universities.

It is not so easy as all that, he says, since some companies do not plan ahead for individual executive growth and fail to prepare a man for participation in such a program, sometimes failing even to consult the individual on whether he should attend and which one he might prefer.

There is still a place, and a growing one, for what might be termed—

THE NONSPECIALIZED SPECIALIST

—whose function is to apply a diversified experience to a broad list of problems. Such a man is Leo Nejelski, head of the market development concern of that name. Mr. Nejelski, formerly advertising director of Swift & Co. and general manager of the Pepsodent Co., is a pioneer in marketing and management through the social and economic sciences.

Among the fruits of this approach, which involves the measurement of the variables in a highly complex marketing picture by means of mathematical techniques, are revisions of advertising ideas and the development of new equipment for processing food to fill needs not yet recognized.

What Mr. Nejelski and men like him come up with is the raw material of a new and improved way of life. Such helpers to living should be commended, but—

GIVING CREDIT

—does not come easy. Men, including this one, are complainers. One of the biggest subjects for complaint is the constant introduction of new things, outmoding the old and supplying us with something else to buy and pay for.

This thought comes up: What would it be like if new things weren't being offered in the dress shops, in the department stores, in the restaurants, the groceries, the resorts and so on? Would it be as pleasant a world if the women always wore the same styles, buying replacements only when something wore out?

Consider such an item as the South African frozen rock lobster tail, now a diet staple throughout this country. The people behind its introduction have helped not only themselves but also the consumers. who like the product and would not have it, or perhaps even have heard of it, unless someone had had the courage to take a chance on introducing it. In addition, everyone along the line-shippers, handlers, dealers, restaurants and groceries-all benefit, along with the consumer. Further, the diner is introduced not only to something new and good to eat, but

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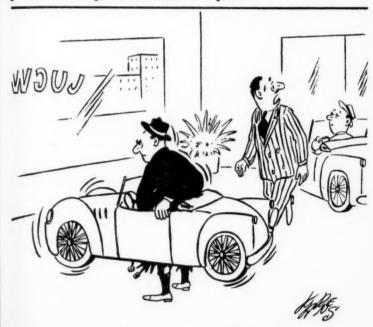
is encouraged to try other items on the menu and vary the chicken-steakfish diet, with consequent benefit to other merchandisers.

And consider, too, such an item as Angostura Bitters. Add a few drops to a Manhattan cocktail or to a dollop of whisky and see what it does. (Tastes good!)

If you have courage, add a bit of Tabasco (not much!) to chili sauce. It's worth trying.

We owe quite a bit to the enterprise and the courage of the merchandisers. They risk quite a lot when they take a chance on importing the unknown South African delicacy, when they merchandise Angostura or promote Tabasco, when they add a butterfly decoration to a wisp of a nylon stocking or when they dream up jet-wing nonsense for an automobile's fin.

Without them we'd have no new things to enrich our lives. Acceptance of what they offer is up to us. They take the risk and we reap the real profit.



"Excuse me a moment."

LETTERS

... to the editors



FOOLHARDY QUIZ?

Sirs:

The "How True" quiz in the March 1957 issue asked, whether true or false, "You can size up a person very well in an interview." The answer given was "false," with a source cited as reference.

Citing one source for a question of opinion is indeed foolhardy. What about other sources? Surely if an interview is long enough, with well-thought questions, it is possible to "size up" (what English!) a person. Aren't most management positions filled as a result of a final interview?

If, after serious consideration, you still believe the question to be "false," I suggest you obtain a psychologist to write an article on the subject, for there must be many others besides myself who think the question to be "true". . . Dr. Theodore Bullockus, Senior Scientist, Lockheed Aircraft Corp., Missile Systems Division, Palo Alto, Cal.

ED. NOTE—MANAGE would like to plead not guilty on the basis that the test item in question is a flat statement. Generally speaking, an interview is a good way to size up a prospective employee—if, as Reader Bullockus points out, the questions are "well thought." On the other hand, most psychologists do agree that many persons with serious mental disorders cannot be detected even after several interviews with a psychiatrist. The words "very well" ring the false note in the statement.

WE'RE CONFUSED

Sirs:

My father takes MANAGE. He works at Havnes Stellite. His name is Bartis Higginbottom. I'm his daughter, Carolyn, and I was looking through your book tonight. I came to the section of HOW TRUE. My brother and I were asking each other the questions when I came upon question number 1. "There is a first and last number." My brother Roger said it was true and so did I and I looked at the answer and found it was false. It said there is no last number, because every number has a successor. If you please, I would like very much if you would explain the answer. . . Carolyn Higginbottom. 11, Kokomo, Ind.

ED. NOTE—I'm sorry you asked that question, Carolyn.

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ls's a ni some reg make up bers. I : wouldn's but it mi Minus, o just as bi tional de cause I'll have to answer it, and it is a tough one to answer. (Mathematics is not often a strong point with editors, Carolyn.)

The quiz was writen by a former newspaperman who, it might interest you to know, drives a turquoise Thunderbird around town. I'd give your letter to him, but we are about ready to go to press, so there isn't time. What I'm leading up to it, I'll have to answer your question and I don't think I can put it off any longer, so here goes:

'There is a first and last number."
(The sentence is false.) That is because no matter what number you start counting with, there will always be another one after it. It doesn't matter if you count to a trillion-trillion; there will always be a trillion-trillion and one, and two, and so on.

Now, of course that answers the question only if you are counting forward. You haven't had this in mathematics yet, but mathematicians often count backward. (For them it's fun.) They start from zero and they count backward like this: minus one (-1); minus two (-2), and so on. It is possible to count backward just as far as forward.

I'll let you in on a little secret, Carolyn. When you get to these minus numbers, your mathematics teacher may tell you that there is really no such thing as a minus number—that they don't exist. Well, my math teacher told me that too, but it only confused me.

It only confused me until I thought of minus numbers as bostowed numbers. It's a number you owe until you get some regular (or positive) numbers to make up the borrowed (or minus) numbers. I realize that many math experts wouldn't agree with this interpretation, but it may help to clear it up for you. Minus, or borrowed, numbers can run just as high as the others—like the national debt, for instance—but that is

another subject that we won't go into

I hope I have cleared it up for you, Carolyn—but I'm afraid it still leaves me a little confused.—Managing Editor.

LIKES SHORT ARTICLES

Sirs:

I get a lot out of Manage magazine and look forward each month to reading the articles which are so helpful—in guidance work and in the inspirational field—monthly tonic to pep me up and guide me in doing a better job of supervising! We are working long hours, so I like short articles which are quickly read but have "the meat" of the subject well presented. . . Clark E. Fuller, Burlington, Vt.

CANADIAN BACK PAT

Sirs:

I am enclosing M. O. for \$3 to cover subscription for one year to MANAGE. This is only a fraction of the worth of this fine magazine.

I look forward to each issue.

I wish you and your staff success in the months to come. . . A. B. Lalande, Windsor, Ontario.

"NEW LOOK" SERIES

Sirs:

May I heartily commend your "New Look" in the series of historical fiction articles appearing in your extremely diversified and interesting magazine. Although I have

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read only the first of the four scheduled, which appeared in the March issue, I am avidly awaiting the others, and wish I did not have to wait three months more to read them all. By all means continue to have them if you are able to find writers that can live up to the quality of your first report on "The Supervisor: Ancient Egypt." . . . J. G. Hensel, Beckman Instruments Co., Fullerton, Calif.

IN THE HOSPITAL, MANAGE Sirs:

While in Chattanooga, Tenn., I read an article "How to have an Accident" which I enjoyed very much. It was placed on the bulletin board at the Erlanger Hospital. I

thought that it was a very interesting article. I would appreciate it very much if you would send me a copy of this article for my file. If there is any charge, please bill me for it. . . J. Hugh Eden, Safety Director, Associated Contractors, Alabama Ordnance Works, Childersburg, Ala.

SERIES WINS PENNANT

Sirs:

I just read the historical fiction of management in "Ancient Egypt" by Colyton in the March issue of MANAGE magazine. It's terrific! If the rest of the series is anything at all like the first installment, be sure to treat us to the entire series! ... R. Ellis Bailey, Adrian, Mich.; Director, NMA Zone "H."

Woman driver: "It's absurd for this man to charge us \$15 for towing us three miles."

"That's all right; he's earning it. I have my brakes on," her friend replied.

A tough guy was being sworn in as a witness in court.

"Do you promise to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God?" asked the clerk.

"Why not?" said the tough guy. "I'll try anything once!"

Sherlock Holmes: "Ah, Watson, I see you have on your winter underwear." Watson: "Marvelous, Holmes, marvelous! How did you ever deduce that?" Holmes: "You forgot to put on your trousers!"

[&]quot;Did you ever do any public speaking?"

[&]quot;Well, one time I proposed to a country girl over a party line."



"All right, let's get the lead out . . . "



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ACT on FACT

by James Black

No doubt about it. John "X" was crazy. What's more, he was as dangerous as a loaded pistol on hair-trigger. It hadn't been noticeable at first.

Oh, sure! Everybody knew that John was peculiar, even surly. He didn't talk much, and he kept to himself. But seeing the kind of fellow he was, most of his co-workers didn't mind a bit.

His employment record was also a bit on the seamy side—he had been warned for his lack of punctuality, and on one occasion he had been disciplined for insubordination. Still, nobody had tagged him as a "psycho."

"X" SPOTS THE MARK

Then one morning it happened. The throb of the machines, the demands of the job were just more than John could take. He blew a mental gasket. And when he did he exploded like dynamite. All of his problems seemed concentrated in the person of an offending co-worker who was helping him on the job.

With about as much warning as an Apache raid on an Oregon-bound covered wagon, and much more unexpectedly, John "X" went into action. Although he weighed only 130 pounds soaking wet, his onslaught was so surprising, so savage, that his fellow employee was knocked to the floor, unable to defend himself. He took several violent blows to the head and on the face before Foreman King was able to break it up and pull John "X" away from his astonished victim.

The company had a rule against fighting and enforced it rigidly. If employees tried to settle with their fists what they couldn't settle with words, it meant discharge. John "X" was guilty of fighting. But what about the other employee? He hadn't struck a blow, even in his own defense; he didn't have time. Obviously,

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it would be a gross injustice to punish him for getting cuffed around by a man who had slipped his mental trolley. That's how Foreman King sized things up. But shall we let him tell the story in his own words?

"On the morning of February 5, 1953, John 'X' assaulted a fellow employee. His attack was sudden and unexpected, and the man was unable to defend himself. He had received several severe blows before I was able to stop the fight.

"After questioning them about what happened, I took both employees to General Foreman Willis. I told him what I'd learned. 'X' was asked whether he disliked the man he hit or whether that employee had ever done anything to him. 'X' replied, 'No, the man did nothing to me, and I don't know whether I like him or not.'

"The other employee told me he had been working on a clinching machine when he was attacked; that he had been so amazed he had done nothing to defend himself. Fortunately, I broke things up before anybody got hurt."

FIRED FOR FIGHTING

Foreman King recommended that the employee who had been attacked be exonerated altogether for his unwilling part in the incident. John "X" should be terminated, he advised. General Foreman Willis talked the matter over with the shop steward, who agreed that this solution was a perfectly fair one.

The next day John "X" got his official discharge papers, but this was by no means the end of his story.

After his dismissal from his job, John "X" was admitted to a hospital where he received treatment for a mental disorder. Later he was transferred to a state institution, and there he remained for almost a year. When he was released he reported back to his company and requested to be returned to his old job with full seniority. It was his contention that he had merely been on "sick leave."

The company understandably refused to take him back into service. John "X" filed a grievance. That complaint climbed the steps of the grievance procedure until it eventually ended in arbitration.

KING'S WISE FOREMANSHIP

Foreman King, who was the immediate supervisor of John "X", could in no way be criticized for his handling of an upleasant situation. What is a foreman supposed to do in an emergency? He must act decisively and with judgment. Foreman King had immediately moved in to break up a fist fight that occurred in his department. A foreman must base his decisions on facts. Foreman King had gathered the facts regarding the affair. What's more, he had carefully analyzed them. The company rule on fighting in the plant was specific. The penalty, it said, was dismissal; no "ifs, ands or buts." Still, Foreman King had not acted impulsively. He took the trouble to learn through thorough questioning what happened, and he found John "X" totally responsible for the incident. Therefore, he recommended that the other employee be exonerated and returned to his job; that John "X" be terminated.

Yes, King's foremanship was sound, and management agreed with his views. John "X" was fired. In this grievance the supervisor had an air-tight story to tell to an arbitrator. What, then, was the union's case?

CASE FOR THE DEFENDANT

It was simple. "There is no question," admitted the union, "that the company has the right to fire an employee for fighting. If that was all that had been involved, John 'X' would have no grievance. But it isn't. When the employee was confined to a mental institution it changed the complexion of the case. John 'X' acted as he did because he was a sick man. Moreover, he has no recollection of the events that led to his dismissal.

"In the past, other employees have been permitted to go on 'sick leave' because of mental breakdowns, and later were restored to their jobs. (The union here cited several cases, including one where an employee had been given back his job after four years of 'sick leave' due to a mental breakdown.) "Some of these people," continued the union, "have been violent, although perhaps not in the shop. Their illnesses were very similar to John 'X's'. Yet, after proper treatment, they recovered. It would only be fair," concluded the union, "to refer John 'X' to the company medical department and carry him on sick leave' until the plant doctors agree that it is all right for him to return to work. This has been done in the past for other employees. Why is John 'X' an exception?

"His rehabilitation is the concern of both the union and management. As things now stand, 'X's' record would hurt him should he attempt to gain employment elsewhere. Moreover, he received sick benefits for 26 weeks. It is certainly unusual for a 'discharged' employee to receive sick benefits. In effect, the company put him on 'sick leave' when he was given them."

THE COMPANY SAYS "NO!"

The company disagreed. It refused to reinstate John "X" and told the arbitrator the man was properly discharged. He was not a good employee even before the incident that led to his dismissal.

Said the company, "Prior to entering Foreman King's department he had been a sullen worker and had exhibited a belligerent attitude. (Remember, 'X's' discipline record as submitted by the company contains no incident of 'belligerency' disciple this of man.

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as such, unless the occasion he was disciplined for insubordination could be thus termed. The union pointed this out.) He was also a poor workman.

"It is the responsibility of management to consider the safety of hundreds of other employees. If John 'X' is returned to work he would be a potential danger to other people. It is true that the company has occasionally continued employees suffering from mental disorders on the roll by granting them sick leaves. However, each case has been judged on its own merits, and none of the employees so involved has exhibited a tendency to violence.

"Now about the union's contention that John 'X' received sick benefits. What if he did? The fact he received these payments is a question between him and the insurance company and has no bearing on his discharge one way or the other.

"What's more," said the company, union officials were advised of what management planned to do, agreed with the decision, and even suggested that both employees be fired. The company refused to do this because it would be unfair to the other employee."

NOT GUILTY BY REASON OF INSANITY

What was John "X's" mental state? An important witness in this hearing was a psychiatrist whom both the union and the company agreed should examine the employee and

give an opinion of his condition. The psychiatrist did so and came to the following conclusions.

"John 'X' was definitely psychotic at the time he engaged in the fight in the plant. He still shows neurotic tendencies. He should have further care. The possibility of another acute episode (the psychiatrist meant the chance that 'X' might flip his lid and crown somebody else) in the next six to 18 months is not so great. Still, it could happen. Whether Mr. 'X' can be cured or not depends to a large extent on himself. However, his condition can certainly be improved through treatment."

The report of the psychiatrist was certainly tempered in its optimism. He really said this: "The odds on John 'X' playing a repeat performance of his 'mad man' act are remote, but certainly possible."

In dealing with mental cases nobody knows exactly what to do. You might feel sorry for Lizzie Borden (she was the young lady who took an axe and gave her father 40 whacks), but you would hardly pick her as the girl you would most like to get marooned with on a desert island, especially if she had a weapon.

THE ARBITRATOR'S DECISION

The arbitrator gave this decision. He voided the discharge and restored John "X's" seniority. He said that he should return to work at "such time as his presence would not constitute an undue risk to himself or others in the plant."

When would this be? how the arbitrator left it. "On the basis of the report of the psychiatrist and other information contained in the record, I cannot find that undue risk is not present. Whether the risk will increase or whether or when in the future it will be made unlikely as a result of treatment. I don't know. Apparently much depends on 'X's' own desires. Should undue risk, which could result either in acute or more moderate but potentially dangerous symptoms and episodes, be dissipated by 'X's recovery, he should be entitled to return to work."

In reality, this was a neat solution to a ticklish problem. The decision was as split as the personality of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde. John "X" got his sick leave all right, but when he could go back to work, if ever, seemed to be a matter for management to decide. In this light, the chances are Foreman King will not have to cope with a similar episode for some time to come.

THE MISSING CLUES

This case was selected because it points up a particularly important problem of today. This is a jittery age we live in, and the statistics of the number of people going off the "deep end" have become alarming. Management must therefore be alertly careful in implementing the pro-

cess by which it selects and places its employees.

In this process, the foreman plays a very vital, in fact, the deciding role. Naturally, it would be impossible to devise fool-proof machinery for screening job applicants. Mistakes happen. But if supervision is on its toes there is no reason for a mistake to be a lasting one.

John "X" had been around some little time before he exploded into violent action. What's more, he had never been a good employee. He was indifferent and moody. He was frequently late. He had been disciplined for insubordination. Prior to his service under Foreman King, he had worked in another department where he seemed to have run into a lot of trouble. He didn't get along with the other employees, believed that they were always talking behind his back and picking on him. He was so certain of this that he asked for a transfer.

You don't have to be Sigmund Freud to realize that a man of this type is in a precarious mental condition. His entire employment history revealed it. It even came out during arbitration that John "X" hated the sound of machinery; the noise jangled his nerves. The union had suggested he be given outside work like loading trucks, to make him happier. Therefore his transfer from one manufacturing department to another was hardly likely to solve his problem.

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A FOREMAN MUST KNOW HIS PEOPLE

It is the first job of a foreman to know his people, to understand their abilities and limitations. In the matter of John "X," foresighted foremanship would have been of tremendous help to management in heading off trouble. This is theory based on hindsight, but it still may be valid. Had John "X's" original supervisor been personnel-conscious he might have pointed out to the personnel department that the employee was an inferior workman with little likelihood of improving.

If that foreman had been perceptive he might even have added that perhaps John "X" was improperly placed. Why not try him on an outside job? he might have advised. In any event, during "X's" first 30 days with the company he had given no evidence that he deserved permanent employment. During this period he could have been terminated at the discretion of management. But he wasn't! He was allowed to

acquire seniority as a regular em-

This is no suggestion that a foreman is supposed to diagnose mental illnesses in his subordinates and say in the words of John "X's" psychiatrist, "He has a schizophrenic neurosis in remission." It is a recommendation to supervisors to know their employees and their problems, and when one of them isn't measuring up, to do something about it prompt-

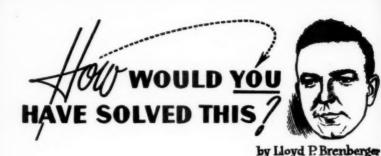
Had John "X's" problems been caught earlier, the company's personnel department might have persuaded the employee to seek psychiatric help on his own. At least it would have been forewarned. Certainly, transferring an employee of this kind is not the answer. It is only transferring trouble. From the record, Foreman King was not responsible for what happened. He did his job. He simply inherited a mistake of the employment procedure and maybe a "passed buck" of some other foreman. Whoever made the mistake, it was a beauty.

This case is based on one described in the LABOR RELATIONS REPORTER, May, 1956. The names are fictisious.

LIMERICKS

A cheerful old bear at the zoo
Could always find something to do.
When it bored him, you know,
To walk to and fro,
He reversed it, and walked fro
and to.

A father once said to his son,
"The next time you get off a pun,
Go out in the yard
And kick yourself hard,
And then I'll begin when you're done!"



NOTE: To be considered for \$10 cash awards and certificates of special citation, all solutions to the problem must be postmarked no later than JUNE 10, 1957. Address your solutions of no more than 500 words to Editor, MANAGE, 321

PROBLEM No. 15

West First Street, Dayton 2, Ohio.

ABUSIVE LANGUAGE GRIEVANCE

There are some who arrive from "the old school," and who refuse to accept new ideas. Shipping and Receiving at the See-Saw Inc., was under the supervision of Harry Noe, considered by many as the originator of the "old school." One day, not too long ago, Harry was finishing the day's report when he noticed an unnatural quiet descend over the work area. Glancing up, he observed that two of the men—loaned to him on a temporary transfer—were holding forth in lengthy conversation. Harry literally charged from the office and proceeded to deliver a blistering lecture to the two men. In doing so, Harry was not too careful with his choice of words, and at times lapsed into profanity. When he had finished the men asked for representation so that a grievance could be filed. In essence, the grievance stated that Harry had used abusive and threatening language and was a menace to the work force. It also stated that a formal request was being made to remove Harry from his position on these grounds. How would you answer this grievance?

(Remember the deadline: June 10, 1957)

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THIS WAS SUPERVISORY PROBLEM No. 12

Just before the last "long week-end" holiday Milt Kastrah's group leader stopped in Milt's office and asked permission for an additional day off before the start of the official holiday. With some reluctance Milt gave his permission.

He was reluctant because on one other occasion he had given the man an additional day but he failed to return at the designated time, telegraphing Milt that

he was ill.

Work resumed at 7 a.m. on Wednesday morning but with no group leader. This time Milt received no word until the following Monday morning when the man reported for work. He again indicated an illness and described the situation in great detail.

Even with this vivid description, Milt couldn't help feeling that he had been "took." However, he wanted to be sure that the action he took was proper. You advise Milt on the proper course of action.

DOCTOR IN THE HOUSE

By Robert J. Ropes,

Delco Radio Div., GMC, Kokomo, Ind.

There is only one definite course of action which is open to Milt. Since Milt, as a foreman, is in no position to judge when a person is, or has been, ill, and whether the extent of that illness was sufficient to warrant the employee's absence from work, he absolutely must avail himself of the services of the plant Medical Department. The plant physician is the only person in the plant who is in a position to determine the validity of the claim of the group leader regarding his illness. Milt should immediately send the group leader to the Medical Department for a personal interview and examination by the plant physician. If Milt has done his job as a foreman, the Medical Department will have been advised of the group leader's case earlier in the week.

THE WINNERS

Here are the best solutions to the supervisory problem No. 12. The winners have received checks for \$10 each and a handsome two-color Merit Award certificate suitable for framing.

The decision of the plant physician will narrow the ensuing action to one of the following possibilities:

ONE—If the doctor's report substantiates the group leader's claim, Milt will accept the decision and say nothing. The inconvenience to the group leader of reporting to the Medical Department is not without its benefits towards discouraging future "illnesses" of this nature.

TWO—If the doctor does not agree that the group leader was ill, and the employee is unable to provide satisfactory written evidence from his personal physician to the contrary, then Milt will be free to begin the usual corrective disciplinary action to insure the future good attendance of the group leader.

REPRIMAND LETTER

By Ross N. Cope.

Hughes Aircraft Co., Tucson, Arizona

In Milt's position I would consider the following points: a) This group leader's first offense was not "clear cut." The illness was suspiciously convenient but was properly reported; b) The second offense is more obvious, and establishes a degree of irresponsibility which must be brought under control; c) Considered in relation to the man's position and responsibilities, the situation assumes the aspect of an incipient departmental morale problem, rather than an incident involving one immature employee; d) Inaction on the part of this man's supervisor could result in the man

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taking more and more advantage of his employer's generosity.

Having assessed the problem, Milt should discuss the situation with the man. Milt might present it to him this way:

An employer seeks to select, as leaders, those men whose talents, character, judgment and reliability indicate that they can direct activities and be an example to their subordinates. These positions of leadership carry with them certain privileges which must never be looked upon as rights, but as rewards. Privilege abused is privilege undeserved. A good leader always considers his actions in relation to his responsibilities and the personnel for whom he must set an example.

A responsible person, particularly a leader, will make every effort to notify his employer when he is unable to report for work. Unreported absences are often considered sufficient grounds for dismissal. Such an action on the part of a group leader shows a serious lack of consideration, gives rise to many doubts concerning his reliability and evidences a degree of immaturity which works to the detriment of the individual, the group he leads, and the company for which he works.

Milt should then tell the man that a letter of reprimand will be placed in his personnel file and that further presumptions of this nature will incur more serious disciplinary action.

Assuming that the man acted unthinkingly, this talk with Milt should make him consider his actions more carefully in the future. Milt should have no further occasions to take the man to task for similar infractions.

REVIEW RESPONSIBILITIES

By C. A. Carter, Downey, Calif.

Milt must have had some reason for being reluctant to give this man additional time off at a holiday. Why, then, did he consent against his better judgment? I believe he did so because these men, being leaders, possess a mutual feeling of trust, and he therefore has faith in the validity of the group leader's request.

However, the group leader automatically loses face when on at least two occasions he has asked for additional time (apparently for personal reasons) and then extended it on the grounds of illness. He certainly wouldn't expect his own employees to act this way. He must keep in mind that he sets an example for his workers and should always strive for their complete support and respect.

An absence from Wednesday until Monday without notification is inexcusable. No matter how extreme the circumstances, calling or wiring is not impossible in this length of time. It is the group leader's responsibility to inform his supervision. The lengthy, detailed explanation upon his return seems unnecessary if the illness was real and the time off required was of utmost importance. The detailed explanation appears to be an attempted justification to free his own conscience.

Milt should review the group leader's responsibilities to this man in detail and be certain he realizes his important position of leadership, where his every action is observed by his workers and determines the amount of respect he gains from them. This is vitally important to high morale among a group of employees. An expression by Milt of his personal concern regarding the illness will show the group leader that Milt is sincere and (if he has faked his illness) will tend to make him truthful on future occasions.

There may come a time when an illness is critical and the additional time off becomes imperative, but no one will want to believe or sympathize because illness has been used as an excuse for personal absences too frequently.

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OCTOBER 25-26, 1957

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